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POETRY.

TRY AGAIN.

BY CAPT. GEO. EDGAR CRISMAN.

Should friends forsake you early,
Those whom you love most dearly,
Don't yield by getting surly,
Try again!

If you meet with trials, blighting,
Never dream they are blighting,
Resolve to meet them, and, by fighting,
Try again!

Battle with the tempest, raging,
Though they may not be assailing,
Brave them all, by thus engaging,
Try again!

If you meet with grief and sorrow,
Wait not for the coming morrow,
Though the path of life be narrow,
Try again!

There's a better day a-coming,
Think so—hope so—keep a-drumming—
Strive with life's perpetual humming,
Try again!

There's a rest for all the weary,
There's a bright sky for the dreary,
E'er let your heart be cherishing,
TRY AGAIN!

THRILLING ADVENTURES

OF

Lieut. George W. Douglass,

OF THE EIGHTH EAST TENNESSEE INFANTRY,

THE RENOWNED UNION SCOUT AND PILOT.

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CHAPTER XII.

A REBEL RAID FOILED—THE LEAP FOR LIFE—ADVENTURE AMONG THE REBELS.

When night came, it became necessary to look up rations, as our haversacks were getting unacceptably light. During the day, we had noticed the location of a farm-house within the rebel lines, or rather beyond their picket-post, to which we resolved to proceed in search of provisions and "news." About ten o'clock we proceeded cautiously down the mountain, but unfortunately ran into the advanced guard of the enemy, who immediately fired upon us, Orton receiving a flesh wound in the left arm. We then fell back in hot haste with half a dozen Rebels after us, about half a mile, and again concealed ourselves behind a ledge of rock, until they who were in pursuit passed us. We then crossed the mountain, flanking the Gap on the left, and were not long in reaching Powell's Valley. We proceeded to a point near Powell's River, where we concealed ourselves, after having well filled our haversacks at a neighboring farm-house, the occupants of which, were rebels, where we passed ourselves off as rebel soldiers. Here we had to keep quite a sharp lookout, as the road was crowded with rebel cavalry passing to and from the Gap—distant about four miles. This road was also the main road leading to Cumberland Gap, at which point the rebels were in heavy force. Our position was in the loft of a spring-house—part of the cover of which projected over a large spring. The road passed immediately along side this spring-house, and frequently the rebel soldiers were stopping for the purpose of filling their canteens with water. This gave us an excellent opportunity to get much information from them which we otherwise could not have obtained. It was a precarious situation, however, and had we been discovered, we should have certainly had a very rough handling.

Upon one occasion, while two rebels were thus engaged, replenishing their canteens, we overheard one of them remark that they, (meaning their forces) were going to attack the Yankees at Flat Lick, and that reinforcements were then arriving at the Gap for that purpose—indeed we had the self-evident fact before our eyes, as their cavalry forces daily passed us. We could not learn precisely what time the attack was to be made, but knew that it could not possibly be prolonged more than a few days.

This was a matter of great importance—so we thought—so we acted. That night we flanked the rebels in the Gap for the second time, and were hurrying along towards Flat Lick. The next morning found us on the waters of Clear Fork again. From thence we hastened to Flat Lick, which point we reached about day-break on the following morning—having travelled over immense swamps and a terribly broken country. Here we made our report to the commanding officer, Major Spears, giving him all the particulars and information we had gained. He therefore made preparation for the reception of the intended raiding party, and sent a courier to Camp Dick Robinson for reinforcements, who arrived just in time to meet the enemy and secure a most glorious victory. They were sent back to their mountain stronghold in utter defeat and confusion. But had they come upon the small force commanded by the Major without his being apprised of their movements, he would most inevitably have been "gobbled up." It will therefore be seen that we did our work well—at least in this instance; notwithstanding the immense and almost insurmountable difficulties we had to overcome.

For this service we received from the commanding General at Camp Dick Robinson, his warmest congratulations and praise, and in a public speech to his command, spoke of us in unbounded terms of commendation and honor. This gave us a new incentive to renewed exertions in behalf of our country's cause, and we prepared ourselves for another hazardous movement.

On the 24th of January, I was ordered to reconnoiter in the neighborhood of Cumberland Gap, and took my departure on the same evening. I travelled the main

Cumberland Gap road until I reached Cumberland Ford, at which point, I took to the bush and scouted my way along and near the main road, until I reached the residence of a Widow Moore. This lady had a son-in-law, who, when I reached the dwelling, was just starting to mill with a grist, consisting of about one and a half bushels corn. I proposed to accompany him, as he was going in the same direction my route lead me. He therefore offered to furnish me a horse, which I gladly accepted, having become nearly exhausted by incessant travel.

I was fully aware that we were in a country where we were liable to run afoul of the enemy at any moment—and so kept a close lookout ahead for "breakers." My companion said there had been some rebel soldiers through that country a day or two previous, but he did not think there were any in twenty miles of there at that time. However, I was determined, if possible, not to allow myself to be surprised, and guarded my front with an eye of caution.

We had proceeded thus some five miles or perhaps more, when on turning a bend in the road round a jagged cliff, we came full upon a whole battalion of rebel cavalry not more than fifty feet in front of us! Here was a most bewildering predicament! We had just passed over a level piece of road of about a mile, with a creek passing through it. The banks of this creek were several feet high and very rough. From bank to bank it was probably fifteen feet. It so happened that I was riding a horse, which, though quite thin, was, nevertheless, fleet enough for the rebels. As soon as we caught sight of the Johnnies, we wheeled, and took the back track for dear life. But a few seconds elapsed till a full line of graybacks were clattering in our rear, yelling like so many fiends of darkness. It makes no difference how brave a man may be—just let a pack of such desperadoes get after him with such unearthly and horrid yells as did those "outside barbarians" upon that occasion, and it will make the heart beat fast and heavy—and cause the blood to run sluggishly in the veins of the most hardy of us. It was a moment of intense excitement. Had my horse stumbled, and plunged me headlong to the ground, the fun of prospecting would have all been up with George, but nothing like this occurred. But here came the "tug of war." Right immediately in front of us was the stream, with its high and rugged banks. At the speed we were then going we must clear it at a leap, or go down to destruction! I told my friend, (the widow's son-in-law), who was at my side pushing forward with all speed, that we must clear that creek at a leap or we were lost! He said nothing, but looked horrified. Onward we went at lightning speed with the rebels at our heels, who appeared to be gaining upon us at every step. Still closer they came, and still louder and more terrible were their blasphemous yells till the very earth shook beneath us! Then, in another moment, came the yawning chasm before us, ready to swallow us up, with no means of escape. I looked a moment, then sinking my reins deep into my horse's flanks, I made the leap! Fortunately, I cleared the bank safely, but as I turned my head to see the fate of my companion, I beheld his horse's fore feet strike the bank—then fall backward with his rider into the chasm below! In falling, he caught some bushes but these soon gave way, and the next moment he followed his horse and sack of corn to the bottom of the abyss.

Horrible as was the tragedy, it was a ludicrous sight to see the horse and the corn sack going down, and the man piled upon the top of them in a conglomerated mass! Whether he was killed or whatever became of him, I never afterwards learned. I am very certain of one fact, and that is, I did not tarry long enough at that place to see what became of either the pursued or the pursuers. In a half hour I was safe in the mountains, out of reach of the yelling graybacks, and among overhanging rocks and wild shrubbery where, taking a seat upon a moss-covered log, I took a rest, and congratulated myself on my success in escaping from the clutches of such a desperate clan.

After turning my horse loose, I proceeded up the mountain, and sought out a safe retreat where I might rest until darkness should enable me to proceed with my investigation of the neighborhood.

The weather was extremely cold, but in starting out on my expedition I had provided myself with a most excellent fur overcoat. I also had with me a light blanket and poncho, which enabled me to bivouac anywhere in the open air that suited my fancy.

I soon found a place on the mountain side, which, from appearances, had been an old camping ground. I found amid the rocky walls, which rose on either side almost to the skies, there had been camp-fires—perhaps those of some of our East Tennessee refugees, who had here lingered in this dreary lonely spot, for the purpose of partaking of the last morsel found in their rude haversacks; provisions which had been stowed away, perhaps, by the tender hand of a loving mother, or kind and affectionate sister—those true sons of liberty, who scorned the yoke of tyranny, and made their escape to a land of freedom.

Here, collecting some dry pieces of fuel, I kindled a small fire, by which to thaw my numb limbs. Then rolling myself up in my blanket, and stretching myself out upon my poncho by the fire, I was soon in the happy land of dreams.

When I awoke it was already dark. My fire had gone out, and my frame was chilled through. I began to look about for fuel to make up another fire, but the darkness being

intense, I concluded to push on to the house of a Union man—a warm friend of mine—who resided within a mile of Cumberland Gap, where I knew I would be received in a most hospitable manner, should I be so fortunate as to reach his residence in safety.

I could not make much headway at first, owing to the condition of my frozen limbs, but my exertions in getting over the rough mountain path, soon made me begin to feel my blood circulating freely once more. Often, upon this dark and gloomy night did I wish for my old friend and comrade, Orton, to be with me. His was an indomitable spirit—a spirit as unconquerable as the mountain storm, with a heart as warm for a friend as ever throbbed in the breast of man.

I passed within two hundred yards of the rebel pickets unobserved. Their camp-fires shown out brightly against the gray rocks of the mountain, as they threw their immense shadows far down the gloomy gorge.

About two o'clock in the morning, I reached the house of my friend, from whom I learned considerable in regard to the movements of the enemy.

On the following morning, I rigged myself out in the full rebel uniform, and went out boldly among the rebel soldiers—passing myself off as a member of the 6th Missouri rebel cavalry, who had been captured on the lower Mississippi, and after having escaped from Camp Chase, was then making my way back to my Regiment. So plausible was my story, I was almost lionized, and was treated with unbounded kindness and attention. Of course I would ask now and then how matters were going in that part of our new Republic, and would slip in a hope that we would soon gain our independence—then what a joyful time we would have, &c., &c. I went all thro' the command in this manner—and soon learned that another movement on our forces at Flat Lick was contemplated at an early day—but on a larger and more extensive scale. I soon made it convenient to be absent from them a season; and, seeking the house of my friend after dark—was soon in the garb of a Federal soldier, and winding my way through the mountains on my way to Flat Lick—which I reached, and made my report, in safety.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SATAN IN COUNCIL.

AN ALLEGORY.

Once upon a time, far back in the remote past, Satan, "the Prince of the Power of the Air," called a council in Pandemonium, Lucifer himself was seated upon a throne of splendor, wearing upon his brow a diadem of living fire, while from the gem with which it was encrusted, flashed intolerable radiance. Myriads upon myriads of fallen spirits, rank upon rank of Principals and Powers, and of those angels 'which kept not their first estate,' thronged to the hall of audience. Silent they sat in that illimitable hall, which sulphurous flames lighted up, while the lurid smoke hung like a canopy over the scene.

Then up rose Satan born to rule, who dwelt like a star, matchless in evil as in power, and thus spake:

Princes and Potentates, who do my bidding, and who but serve me when they thwart the Almighty, listen! Ye know that we have tried our subtleties upon the race of men. But so hedged in are they by holy influences, and watched over by good angels sent from above, that we can scarcely destroy a single soul. Therefore, most noble chiefs, have I called you together, to take counsel of your wisdom how we may best ruin mankind while they dwell upon the earth, and most surely afterwards bring them to this pit of woe. Speak ye, each his mind, and to him who shall give wisest counsel, and offer strongest means to effect this, our royal purpose, I will give the dominion of the earth and a seat at my right hand forever.

Thus spake the fiend, and hell, to its inmost centre, resounded with applause.

Then up rose Moloch, 'horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice,' and spake: 'Oh chief of embattled powers, that led the embattled seraphim to war, I claim the offered prize. I am the spirit of cruelty. I hardened the heart of the first murderer. Give me dominion over the earth. I will sharpen the assassin's knife; I will bring the rack, the wheel, the fire of persecution, upon man. I will change man into a pirate and a robber, and bid millions to rot in dungeons and in chains. I will bring war upon the earth, amid the smoke of burning cities, will teach to rend each other like wild beasts, till continents shall reek with midnight massacre. I will call men together by hundreds and thousands, to gash each other with horrid wounds and will make them devilish engines, that in a second shall blow whole squadrons into the air. Then shall they come, oh, master, shrieking from the red battle-field, to people thy dark dominions.

Scarcely, amid applause, had the fierce Moloch ended his speech, when Belial arose; the fairest seeming, but withal, subtlest of the fallen potentates. Graceful in form and movement, and of most persuasive aspect,—eloquent in speech;

To make the worse appear the better reason; and perplex and dash Maturer counsels; for his thoughts were low, To vice industrious, but to noble deeds Timorous and slothful—yet he pleased the ear.

And thus he spake: Let me, the spirit of discord, rule the Earth, for without me war could never be. I will spread all false reports, and set every man against his neighbor, and darken the counsels of the nations, till anarchy, and confusion, and hatred shall arise and fill the whole earth. I will point the tongue of the slanderer as a serpent's tooth, and set his heart on fire of hell! I will be the author of all evil counsels, and also witnessings, and fraud, and secret malignity, till even good men, persecuted and torn, shall doubt and deny that Jehovah reigns, and die blaspheming, to come and dwell forever with the damned. Let the dominion of the Earth be mine, O Master, and thy realms shall be peopled with the souls of men.

Then Mammon arose; The meanest, and least erect Of all the spirits that fell from heaven,

who would not heed the glories of his head, but on the golden pavements at his feet forever gazed.

Listen unto me, O Satan, for thou knowest my power upon the souls of men. Give me dominion over them, and hell shall never be empty. I will make men lunatics and fools, and send them through polar snows and torrid burnings, to dig in the holes and corners of the earth, 'mid savage beasts and men more savage, for a few handfuls of yellow dust! So instant shall they be, sifting and grasping the paltry ore, that they shall forget the starry crowns that heaven offers them; and fever and famine shall come and sweep them as chaff from the threshing floor, to the great burning. And even before their corpses are fairly stiffened, their companions shall gather like vultures, to fight and gash each other for the gold which the dead have left. I, too, will sharpen the assassin's knife, and help on the robber and the burglar. All ties, however strong or holy, will I break and teach men to come and worship me, though the path to the altar shall be over bleeding hearts, noble aspirations, and all else that gives a charm to the life of man. At my command, shall that glorious race, who were created 'erect, to look upon the stars,' blot the divine signet of high intelligence from their brows, and fetter and confine their mighty spirits, till they become dwarfs, that they may do my bidding. I will whisper in the ear of the young maiden, in the pride of her beauty, and straightway shall she forget her plighted vows to the youth who loves her, and leave him heartbroken to die; and though sick with disgust, she shall go to the altar and wed the gray-haired wretch who hath heaped up gold. Nay, men shall bow down and do him reverence, and call him wise, and good, and great, though every piece of gold he owns is stained with blood, or wrung from the hand of want by cruel oppression. The possessor of gold shall himself become infatuated, and at midnight shall steal from his bed, on tip-toe, and looking cautiously around him for robbery, shall open his iron chest and count over each glittering coin, and hug it to his heart and worship it. So shall he live a curse to his fellows and to himself, and when the death angel comes, he shall clutch the yellow dross in his skinny hands, and die and come with all my votaries, and make his bed in hell.

Thus spake Mammon, and as he paused, Satan 'grinned horribly, a ghastly smile' upon his servant.

Then up rose the fierce Apollyon, the Destroyer, and spake thus:

O, thou Arch ruler of the damned, listen unto me! The volcano, the avalanche, the earthquake, the pestilence and famine are mine. Be it mine to rule the Earth. I will pour down boiling lava from the mountain-tops, burning up the fruits of the earth, and overwhelming the thronged cities, with all their wealth and people in the twinkling of an eye. I will hurl the avalanche from the glacier's crest, upon the slumbering village. I will dry up the springs, and send hail and blight and mildew upon the fields; and strong men, and women, and tender children shall go forth, and creeping under the leafless hedges, shall faint and die of famine. I will send the earthquake, and he shall 'smack his mumbling lips' when he swallows up a city—and the pestilence shall finish what the famine and earthquake leave; and men shall fall in the streets, and houses be filled with the dead and dying, and none shall be left to bury them. Dogs shall howl through the vacant streets without a master; in the palaces and temples, the owl and the raven shall build their nests, and the ships rot down sailorless; and all the sons of men, destroyed by me unwarned, will I send to thee as a tribute. Be mine the task to rule the Earth for thy glory and for mine.

Long rang the plaudits, as the fiend sat down, and the rest obsequious gave place, not doubting that Apollyon

should be ruler of the Earth. The tumult was hushed, and all waited intent, their great Master's decision; when suddenly, from a hoisting cliff, far out in the burning lake, arose a blue, lambent flame—which while they gazed, took shape; a horrid shape; and stood before the assembled fiends.

It was clad in vestiture wet with blood; the gore hung heavy from its matted locks, and the fiercest fires of hell shot from its burning eye-balls.—Even Satan started and turned pale with fear, and hell shrank back with horror.

"Ha! Ye fear me, then," hissed the horrid monster. "Well might ye fear, were I not a friend and an ally. But thou knowest me not, O Satan, for I am an earth-born spirit, and have long hid myself—aye, for a thousand years—but now come to offer service and allegiance, and to claim the offered prize. Fear not, but listen, and let me be ruler of the Earth, for none hath power like me in the dark dominions.

Moloch, Belial, Mammon, and Apollyon promise much, but they shall be my servants and subalterns. Their power is weakness compared with mine. O listen, till I tell thee of my strength, and how I will wield it. My shapes and names are legion, and I change them at will, so that men shall oftentimes hug me to their bosoms as an angel of light. I will be the greatest of all hypocrites and deceivers, betraying ever with a kiss; professing love and kindness, when my only aim is ruin. I will be the patron and sole support of the gambling den, and of her "whose house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead." And I will through her portals, bring the very flower of manhood, to blight and shame and everlasting contempt.

On every foot of earth and sea will I follow my victims. Where discord and anarchy prevail, there will I be; where cruelty is, there will I come, and burn out from the hearts of men every vestige of mercy till they become fiends incarnate, and devise unimaginable horrors. I will stand beneath the gallows-tree, and even while the death-rattle is in the throat of the criminal, will drive men to robbery and murder. I will lie in wait in the streets of cities, and plan the midnight fire and assassination. I will plunge my victims into the prison and hospitals; I will steep them in poverty and degradation to the very lips.—I will cast forth their families to want and wintry winds, and the babe shall perish in its mother's arms, with its tears frozen to ice-drops upon her bosom. I will turn the dagger of the husband against the heart of his wife, and her blood shall stain the cradle of his children. Stimulated and urged on by me, the father shall dance in maniac glee over the mangled bodies of his murdered babes, and laugh to see their fair locks dabbled in blood; the mother shall "forget her sucking child," slain by her hand, and mock at the tender years and helplessness of her own offspring.

On whatsoever hearth-stone my foot shall be planted, the gladstone fire shall go out, to be lighted no more forever; and the roof-tree shall fall, and the voices of children be hushed, and all that men cluster around them, to make their earthly homes so much like heaven shall vanish like a wreath of smoke, and desolation brood over the ruins. I will point the son's knife against the father's throat, and his grey hair shall drip with gore. Where war and vengeance are, I will rouse their fury to ten-fold rage, and blot from the soldier's breast the last vestige of humanity. The incendiary's torch shall be my banner; the crackling flames of burning villages, and the shriek of murdered innocence, the music of my march!

Pestilence shall follow me as a shadow; and I will open unto him the gates of a million dwellings, which else had been secure. I will spread famine and disease even in lands of plenty and health, and will send up the eyes of all my victims so that they shall not see nor know their next plunge is into perdition. I will sweep whole continents of their inhabitants; and give woes and sorrows and "wounds without cause" to the whole race of man. Yet, whosoever is wounded by me, shall seek me as hid treasures, to be wounded yet again. I will bind upon their brows the iron crown of suffering, burning with hell-fire, that shall scorch and sear and eat into their brain and heart and soul, yet shall they fall down and worship me, and for my sake, part with houses and lands, and wife and children, and hope and heaven.

Let Jehovah send forth spirits, pure as the snow-flake; to dwell in earthly bodies; I will seek them out, and kindle in their hearts an unquenchable fire that shall consume them; and the cherubim shall watch long for their return, at heaven's gate but they shall never again look upon their Father in Heaven. The student at his books, the mechanic at his tools, the laborer at the plow, will I destroy, and none shall stay me. I will coil myself in the brain of the sea-captain, and seal up his eyes, or so distort them that he shall know neither chart nor compass,

and his vessel and all on board, shall be engulfed, and the bones of the mariners whiten the bottom of the ocean. I will be the omnipresent curse of humanity, and under my guidance the race shall walk forever as in the shadow of an eclipse. Eyes they have, but shall not see; and ears they have, but shall hear not, and the end and the purpose of the crooked paths through which I will lead them.

I will take the sons of the kings and the mighty men, and the captains, and the great ones of the earth, and will mangle them with horrid wounds, strip them of wealth, reputation, life itself, and fill their last hour with torment. Around their dying couches I will send serpent-forms, unfolding coil after coil from out the darkness, brandishing their forked tongues to sting them and lick their blood, as a fiend flame licks up its fuel. Thoughts shall become things, living things, to mock and curse them. And some in their agony shall leap into this burning lake, in hope to escape still greater torture; and some will I hold upon the brink, and rejoice when I see every nerve shrinking in agony, as I open to their startled gaze the horrors of that pit in which I plunge them forever!

Yet this is not all. I know that you will laugh, (if fiends can laugh) when I tell you that I will so manage that mankind shall all along think me their friend! Though it is my mission to torture and destroy the whole race of Adam, yet so will I mix with their business, their pleasures and their daily habits; so flatter and delude their stupid senses, that they shall pronounce me a "good creature," nay a "creature of God!" At their wedding feasts I will be the source of joy, and at the funeral gathering the solace of their sorrow. The rank grass shall grow over those slain by my hand, and the mourners shall forget it, and fall in their turn. The father shall commend me to his son, and reeling to his grave, shall leave him as an inheritance, a fondness for me; and the son shall follow in the footsteps of his father, down to perdition. The physician shall invoke my aid in sickness, and in all circles I will plant myself securely, and make myself a companion and a familiar, and men shall never be so merry as in the presence of their deadliest foe.

Poetry shall lend me her rose-garden, and music her charm; and the spirit of melody shall speak from myriad harps to sound my praises, and which the world with the idle dream that I am the inspirer of mirth and the soul of happiness and all good fellowship—and if there be one of all that glorious race, for whom you planets, from their golden urns pour down their silent, everlasting cataclysms of light, who excels his fellows, I will lure him with song and visions of beauty, and strew his path with rose-leaves till at last he shall walk heedless into my toils. And, once my slave, though a thousand should weave their heart strings around him, and weep tears of blood, he shall in all his pride and beauty, sink deeper, and in tribulation and anguish unutterable, dig his own pathway down to hell. I will be at the feasts of all the great and wise of earth, where rank and fashion reign supreme—where forms not less beautiful than those of heaven, move to celestial harmonies, and where wit and mirth and wine go round, and glasses sparkle on the board, I will lap their senses in Elysium, and they shall feel richer, wiser, stronger and more witty than before. But at the last, I will hurl them down, one by one, from their fancied elevation; and they shall drag out a wretched existence in the hunger-dens and vilest purities of the earth, and sneak to dishonored graves, rejoicing to hide from the withering scorn of their species, and to give their souls to eternal punishment in fires less fierce than those in which I have tortured them on earth. Nay, the kings and governments of the earth shall pass laws for my protection, and that of my emissaries, as we walk the earth, decimating its inhabitants and tumbling them into hell. Give me then, O Satan, the dominion of the earth, and thou shalt behold, through ages,

"Hell's every wave break on a living shore, Heaped with the damned like pebbles."

He ceased. One unearthly yell of applause arose, amid the stamping of countless feet and the clashing of adamant shields. The Arch Enemy stepped from his throne, and leading the horrid spectre to a seat at his right hand, thus spake:

"Terrible being! if thou canst indeed do these things, thou art henceforth my Vicegerent upon the earth. Go forth! and my realms shall be crowded with the souls of men, thick as autumn leaves or sands upon the shore. But tell us by what name to call thee!"

And the fiend answered "ALCONOR!" So saying, he spread his broad bat-like wings, and hell grew lighter as he vanished.

How hath he fulfilled his mission?

For a thousand years hath his fiery breath, Smote the wide earth with crime and death, And furnished men, as dainties, food, For the flesh-worm's slimy brood.